GEMS·OF·WELSH·MELODY

WITH
SYMPHONIES AND ACCOMPANIMENTS
FOR PIANO OR HARP

ARRANGED BY
JOHN OWEN (OWAIN ALAW)

G. 37.
1.

Gems of Welsh Melody.

A SELECTION

OF

POPULAR WELSH SONGS,

WITH ENGLISH AND WELSH WORDS;

SPECIMENS OF PENNILLION SINGING,

After the manner of North Wales;

AND

WELSH NATIONAL AIRS,

ANCIENT AND MODERN;

SET IN A FAMILIAR MANNER FOR THE PIANOFORTE OR HARP,

With Symphonies and Accompaniments,

BY JOHN OWEN, (OWAIN ALAW,) PENCERDD.

FIRST SERIES.

RUTHIN:
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INTRODUCTION.

THE National Airs of Wales are very ancient, and have won the admiration of all classes by their melody and sweetness. Old Airs are generally admired for their quaintness and singular harmonies, which sound strange to modern ears, but the melodies of Wales are composed with such finished ease, such natural cadences, appropriate modulations, and regular progressions, that they will bear comparison with the most polished airs of the modern school. Take for instance "Ar Hyd y Nos," "Serch Hudol," "Davydd y Gareg Wen," "Nos Galan," and a host of others which appear to the unprejudiced hearer as though the Welsh minstrels had discovered the true line of beauty, and had modelled their compositions according to the most perfect form of symmetrical elegance. It is apparent that they possessed the true Musical Genius—the National *Awen*, which flows freely and without impediment into the composer's mind, and stamps his productions with inspiration.

The ancient Welsh Triads have it, that the then inventors of vocal song were Gwyddon Ganhebon, Hû Gadarn, and Tydain. Gwyddon was the first composer of Cymric music; Hû Gadarn adapted it to historical uses; and Tydain reduced it to science and order. Blegwryd, King of the Cymry, two centuries before the Christian Era, is said to have been so expert a performer on Instruments, that he was called the "God of Harmony." In the time of the invasion by the Romans the Bardism of Wales was in its highest glory. "There is no reason to doubt," says a Welsh writer, that the tune called "Glan Meddwdod Mwyn," came to us from the time of the Druids; and it is probably a correct specimen of Welsh music of that early period.

Some of the Welsh Airs are remarkable for their pathos and tenderness, such as "Morfa Rhuddlan," and "Davydd y Gareg Wen;" nothing in music can exceed the tenderness and sweet resignation breathed in these Airs, as also in many other beautiful, heartfelt, yet simple tunes. These, it may be supposed, are many centuries old, and yet they are as regular and correct as though they were composed yesterday by the greatest master. Nor have the Cymry, to the present day, lost their intense love of music and nationality.—The genius of song is deeply implanted in the heart of every native of the land; and were the same advantages offered in the Principality as are to be met with in other countries, I am persuaded that "Yr Hen Gymry" would still take a prominent position among the composers and performers of the "Art Divine."

It is true that the use of the Harp as a domestic Instrument is on the decline, and is giving place to the Pianoforte,—an Instrument in some respects superior, but certainly not in elegance or sweetness. The industrial classes, however, still find in Vocal Music a source of pleasurable amusement and intellectual recreation. At the Eisteddfodau or congress of Bards, may still be heard the ancient and singular manner of singing *Pennillion* with the Harp. The *Pennillion*, or epigrammatical stanzas may be counted by many hundreds in the Welsh language, and a skilful singer has his memory stored with them, and has acquired the art of singing irregular verses of different metres and length to the same tune. The general mode of conducting *Pennillion* is simply as follows;—The Harpist plays over the tune, and the Vocalist sings as suits his fancy, beginning with the third, fourth, fifth, or even with the last bar of the tune, and while the Harper gives way to his imagination in different forms of variations of the tune, the Singer takes care to keep in correct harmony and ends exactly with the last note of the melody. This is the crowning point, and all ears are open to discover a trip or flaw in this particular.

I have given an outline of this truly national style of singing in the Airs of "Pen Rhaw," "Serch Hudol," &c., but the professional *Pennillion* singer can do much more than I have just sketched out, by his fanciful choice of odd metres and various verses on almost any subject, from "Grave to gay, from lively to severe." At the Eisteddfodau held in Wales prizes and medals are awarded for the best poetical and musical compositions, as well as for the most proficient performers on the Welsh Harp, and the best singers with the Harp, &c. There is also generally a Chair Prize offered for Poetry, and the successful competitor is conducted to his seat of honour amidst the sound of Harps and the congratulations of the auditory, and occupies that position during the meeting. Successful composers graduate at these meetings as Ovates, and Bards. At Rhuddlan Royal Eisteddfod, in 1851, the Editor was honoured with his first degree; he being the successful composer of the anthem for competition, (Dr. Wesley being the adjudicator), when he had the bardic appellation of "Owain Alaw" conferred upon him.—At the great Llangollen Eisteddfod he was further admitted as a Bard and *Pencerdd*, (chief of song).

These meetings have been the means of bringing into public notice almost all the Poets, literary men, and Musicians of Wales, and have been of great service in furthering native talent, and fostering the latent genius of the Welsh people.

A very general call for a small collection of the most popular Welsh Airs, with and without words, has induced me to attempt the following compilation, arranged in a familiar and modern style for the Harp or Pianoforte; and I beg to express a hope that this work, from the lowness of its price, and I trust from its merits, may supply a want which is felt not only in the Principality, but also amongst the many English and foreign visitors to the land of lake and mountain, who may wish to take back with them a *souvenir* in the shape of the National Airs of the historic and picturesque country in which they have been temporarily sojourning. Should the present compilation find favour with the public, it is intended to issue another Series of the same work.

J. O.

CHESTER, *July*, 1860.

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GEMS OF WELSH MELODY.

MOLAWD CYMRU.

MARCH OF THE MEN OF HARLECH.

The Welsh words written by TALHAIARN.

The Music arranged by OWAIN ALAW.

The English words written by MR. W. H. BAKER.

Martial.
Pianoforte.
HENFFYCH well i wlad fy nghalon, Llwyddiant i ti Gymru dirion; Bendith i dy feibion dewrion, A dy ferched glân;
MARCH, ye men of Harlech bold, Un - furl your banners in the field, Be brave as were your sires of old, And like them, never yield!
Peraidd yw dy hyn - od hanes, I wres - og - i serch fy mynwes; Tra bo 'ngwaed yn llif - o'n gynes,
What tho' ev'ry hill and dale E - cho now with war's a - larms, Cel - tic hearts can never quail When
Colla voce
8ves

Car - af wlad y gân: Anwyl wlad fy nhadau, Car - af dy fyn - ydd - au;
Cambria calls to arms. By each lof - ty mountain, By each crystal fountain,
Creigiau gleision uwch y nant, Ym - wel - ant a'r cym - yl - au; Dol - ydd a dyff - ryn - oedd ffrwythlon,
By your homes where those you love, A - - wait your glad re - turn - ing, Let each thought and ac - tion prove, True
Ffryd - iau clir a llyn - au llawnion, Ad - lew - yrchant flod - au tlys - ion Yn eu dyfroedd glân:
glo - ry can the Cym - ry move, And as each blade gleams in the light, Pray "God de - fend the right!"
Colla voce
8ves
Hiraeth sydd i'm llethu, Am an - wyl - ion Cymru; Ow! na chawn fy mhwrs yn llawn, A
Clans from Mona wending, Now with Arvon blending, Haste with rapid strides a - long The
8va

chrêd a dawn i'm den - u
path that leads to glory,
From
loco
Ad - re'n ol i blith fy nheulu,
Snowdon's hills, with harp and song, And
A chyf - eill - ion i'm croesaw - u:
Nantlle's vale pro - ceeds a throng, Whose
Rall. .....
Yn ol - ynawl gwnawn folianu
ranks with yours shall proudly vie,
Cymru, gwlad y gân.
"And nobly win or die!"
8va
loco
ff

II

Mil melusach i fy nghalon
Na mwynderau gwlad y Saeson,
Cig a gwin, a da, a digon,
Ydyw gwlad y gân:
Nid oes modd i 'ngwên lawenu
Tra bo f' enaid yn hiraethu
Am fynyddoedd cribog Cymru,
A'i dyffrynoedd glân:
Nid y llawn heolydd,
Mwg a thwrf y trefydd;
Nid y byd, a'i olud drud,
Sy'n denu bryd y prydydd;
Ond afonydd, gwyrddion ddolydd,
Swn yr awel yn y coedydd,
Cymau, glynau, bryniau, bronydd,
Cymru, gwlad y gân.
Cara 'r oen y ddafad,
Cara mûn ei chariad,
Cara 'r cybydd bwrs yn llawn,
A dyn a dawn ei dyniad;
Cara 'r babi fron ei fami,
Caraf finau 'r wlad wy'n foli,—
Duw a wyr mor anwyl i mi
Ydyw Cymru lân.

II.

March ye men of Harlech—go!
Lov'd father land your duty claims;
Onward comes the Saxon foe,
His footsteps mark'd in flames;
But his march breeds no dismay,
Boasting taunts we meet with scorn,
Craven-like their hosts shall flee
Like mists before the morn.
On the foemen dashing
Swords and bucklers clashing,
Smite with will their savage band
Nor think of e'er retreating:
But with a firm unflinching hand,
In blood quench ev'ry burning brand,
And for each rooftree cast away
A Saxon life shall pay.
Thus each bosom nerving
From no danger swerving,
Soon shall the invader feel
The doom of fate rewarding;
Then firmly grasp the flashing steel
And as ye strike for Cymru's weal
Be this your cry, till life's last breath—
"Our Liberty or Death!"

GLAN MEDDWDOD MWYN.

"OH! LET THE KIND MINSTREL."

Words by JOHN PARRY
(Printed by kind permission of MR. J. A. NOVELLO.)

Symphonies and Accompaniments by
OWAIN ALAW.

Pianoforte.
Cantabile.
p
Oh! let the kind minstrel at - tune his soft lay, And wel - come with rap - ture this
thrice hap - py day; Let nought but sweet har - mo - ny strike on the ear, When
mf ✻
Cym - ry u - - ni - ted, de - - light - ed ap - pear; Con - - tent - ed or wretched, im-

✻ THIS part is generally repeated in Chorus.—The accompaniment is arranged for this purpose, in harmony of four voices.

II.

Though far from her mountains and valleys we roam
Still is she our mother, still is she our home;
O never let discord, ambition, or pride,
The *undeb* of *Cymry* unwisely divide;
Nor let us, whatever our fortunes may be,
Dear Cambria, be ever unmindful of thee,—
Mewn awen fwyn lawen, byw byth y bo' hi.

III.

The Shamrock of Erin, so brilliant and green,
Entwined with the Leek and the Thistle has been;
O may they for ever a safe-guard compose,
To shelter from danger old England's fair Rose;
And grant that Great Britain for ever may be
The terror of tyrants, the friend of the free,—
Mewn awen fwyn lawen, byw byth y bo' hi.

VI.

Thus sing thy fond children whilst roaming afar,
Mid danger or pleasure, in peace or in war,
Though doomed for a season to quit thy green hills,
Each *calon* with *cariad* for thee ever thrills;
Behold now assembled in honour of thee,
Thy sons and fair daughters, so *ffyddlon* and free,
Gogoniant i Gymru, byw byth y bo' hi.

TORRIAD Y DYDD.

THE BREAK OF DAY.

The Welsh words written by
TALHAIARN.

Symphonies and Accompaniments by
OWAIN ALAW.

The English words
written by JOHN E. M. DOVASTON, M.A.

Pianoforte.
dim.
Or - en - wog wlad fy nhadau, Mor an - wyl i mi wyd, A'r haul sy'n sir - iol wenu'n awr Ar
Though chaste the blush of morning, And sweet the breathing dew, Yet sweeter breath'd the maiden mild With
ddyffryn clodfawr Clwyd; Pa le mae haul dy lwyddiant, Dy ryddid, a dy hedd? Mach - ludo wnaethant
cheek of chaster hue. Ah! would I still had slumber'd, In dreams of dear de - light; Or oh! that truth would
oll pan roed Llew - el - yn yn ei fedd. Nid oes yn awr ond gor - mes; A di - les yd - yw'm
fix by day, What fan - cy forms by night. Then had I still been gaz - ing, Be - yond am - bi - tion
mf

dawn, A di - les yw fy aw - en fwyn, A chwyn fy nghalon lawn; Ein parch a'n bri a chwalwyd Ar
glad, To sit be - side her blooming breast, In lil - ly kerchief clad, But since the morn de - nies me, These
p
Rallentando.
daen i'r ped - war gwynt, A'r Saes - on sy'n rhe - ol - i gwlad Y dewr - ion Gym - ry gynt.
dear de - lights to see, The day may break to all be - side, But needs not break to me.
Con espress.
dim.
cres.
dim.

II.

Yng nghanol tingcian arfau,
Bonllefau, caniad clych,
Mae 'r gelyn cryf yn gwledda yn
Ei gastell cadarn gwych,
Yn llawn o rwysg a hyder,—
O! ofer yw fy nghân,
Ac ofer yw fy nhelyn fwyn,
A swyn ei thànnau mân,
Mae 'nghalon i dan gwmwl,
A'm meddwl sydd yn brudd,
Fy monwes yn ofidus iawn,
A dagrau ar fy ngrudd:
O! anwyl wlad fy nhadau,
Nid oes i mi ddim hedd,
A gwywo wnaf o ddydd i ddydd
Nes syrthiaf i ddu fedd.

II.

Though dreams are but deceivers,
Whose joys do not endure,
I love them better tho' they 're false
Than sorrows that are sure.
Beside the harp methought her,
And Oh! 'twas joy to spy
The spark that warm'd her heaving heart—
Light up her laughing eye.
Kiss'd by her cunning fingers
How leap'd each living string!
And rich the music in mine ear
Yet sweetly seems to ring.
But since the morn denies me
These dear delights to see,
The day may break to all beside
But needs not break to me.

LLWYN ONN.

THE ASH GROVE.

English and Welsh words written by
TALHAIARN.

As arranged by OWAIN ALAW, for the
Llangollen Eisteddfod.

Pianoforte.
mf
Smoothly
First Voice.
Go - goniant i Gymru, an - wyl - wlad fy nhadau, Pe medrwn, mawr - yg - wn dy fawredd a'th fri;
All hail to thee, Cambria, the land of my fathers, I would I could make thee im - mortal in song;
p
Second Voice, Tenor or Bass.
Mae'r Awen yn car - u dy wedd a'th rin - weddau, Hoff fam - maeth ath - ry - lith a dewrder wyt ti;
Thy virtues the muse from thy his - to - ry gathers, Thou, cra - dle of genius and home of the strong:
Duett.
First.
Second.
Bu am - ser pan hoffai t'wys - og - ion dy delyn, A'i sain a gyff - ro - ai wr - ol - ion y gâd.
The strains of thy minstrels were pure as thy fountains They hallow'd thy glory, joy, sorrow, and strife.
p

Chorus.
Rallentando.
pp
AIR.
I ruthro'n ddi - symwth ar war - chae y gelyn, Gan ymladd dros ryddid a breintiau ein gwlad.
Thy proud hearted warriors have roam'd o'er thy mountains, And fought in thy vallies for freedom and life.
ALTO.
TENOR.
BASS.
8ves
Symphony.

II.

Fy henwlad fendigaid, mae anian yn urddo
Pob mynydd a dyffryn, pob clogwyn a glyn!
Ac yspryd prydferthwch a'i liw yn goleuo
Pob afon ac aber, pob llanerch a llyn;
Gwladgarwch a rhinwedd fendithiant dy enw,
Dy feibion a'th ferched a garant dy fri;
Gorhoffedd dy feibion yw denu dy sylw—
Er gwaethaf pob gelyn ein testyn wyt ti.

II.

All hail to the country where nature discloses
Her charms in each valley and heath-covered hill,
'Mid scenes where the spirit of Beauty reposes
In dell, rock, and mountain, lake, river, and rill;
Shall thy children disown thee and leave thee to perish?
Or tarnish the glory that circles thy fame?
No, no,—In their hearts thy bright forms they will cherish,
And truth and affection will cling to thy name.

"THE ROCK OF CADAIR IDRIS."—WORDS ADAPTED TO THE SAME AIR, BY Mrs. HEMANS.

INSERTED BY PERMISSION OF THE REV. W. H. OWEN, RHYLLON.

I.

I lay on that rock where the storms have their dwelling,
The birth-place of phantoms, the home of the cloud:
Around it for ever deep music was swelling,
The voice of the mountain wind, solemn and loud.
'Twas a midnight of shadows, all fitfully streaming,
Of wild waves and breezes, that mingled their moan,
Of dim shrouded stars at brief intervals gleaming,
And I felt 'midst a world of dread grandeur, alone!

II.

I lay there in silence, a spirit came o'er me—
Man's tongue hath no language to speak what I saw,
Things glorious, unearthly, pass'd floating before me,
And my heart almost fainted with rapture and awe!
I view'd the dread beings around us that hover,
Though veil'd by the mist of mortality's breath;
I call'd upon darkness the vision to cover,
For a strife was within me of madness and death.

III.

I saw them—the Powers of the Wind and the Ocean,
The rush of whose pinion bears onward the storm:
Like the sweep of the white-rolling wave was their motion,
I felt their dread presence, but knew not their form.
I saw them—the mighty of ages departed—
The dead were around me that night on the hill;
From their eyes, as they pass'd, a cold radiance they darted;
There was light on my soul, but my heart's blood was chill.

IV.

I saw what man looks on, and dies!—but my spirit
Was strong, and triumphantly liv'd through that hour!
And, as from the grave, I awoke to inherit
A flame all immortal—a voice and a power,—
Day burst on that rock with the purple cloud crested,
And high Cadair Idris rejoic'd in the sun;
But oh! what new glory all nature invested,
When the sense, which gives *soul* to her beauty, was won!

It is an ancient tradition of Wales, that whoever should pass a night alone on the summit of the mountain Cadair-Idris would be found in the morning either dead, in a state of frenzy, or endowed with the highest poetical inspiration.

DAFYDD Y GAREG WEN.

DAVID OF THE WHITE ROCK, OR *THE DYING BARD.*

The Welsh words written for this work by
MR. JOHN CEIRIOG HUGHES.

Arranged with Symphonies and Accompaniments by
OWAIN ALAW.

The English words written by
SIR WALTER SCOTT, BART.

Elegiac.
Diminuendo.
Pianoforte.
mf Larghetto.
'Roedd Daf - - ydd yn mar - - w pan saf - - em yn
Dinas Em - - lyn la - - - - ment, for the mo - - ment is
p
fud I wyl - - ic dat - - - od - iad rhwng byw - yd a byd,—
nigh, When mute in the wood - lands thine e - choes shall die;
cres.
f
"Ffar - wel i ti 'mhri - od, fy Ngwen," eb - - - ai
No more by sweet Tei - - vy Cad - - - - wall - - - on shall
mf

IT is a general tradition in Carnarvonshire, that a Bard of this name, lying on his death bed, called for his harp, and performed this plaintive tune, expressing a desire that it should be repeated at his funeral. Ever since, the air has been called by his name, and that of *Garegwen*, the house where he lived in Anglesea. Whether it was originally conceived by the dying Bard, or is of higher antiquity, is uncertain.—*Jones' Bards.* Sir Walter Scott has laid the scene of his verses, in Cardiganshire, and the Bard introduced is Cadwallon.

II.

Fe gododd ei ddwylaw, ac anadl ddaeth
I chwyddo'r tro olaf trwy 'i fynwes oer gaeth,
"Hyd yma'r adduned, anwylyd, ond moes
"Im' gyffwrdd fy nhelyn yn niwedd fy oes."

III.

Estynwyd y delyn, yr hwn yn ddioed
Ollyngodd alawon na chlywsid erioed:
'Roedd pob tant yn canu 'i ffarweliad ei hun,
A Dafydd yn marw wrth gyffwrdd pob un.

IV.

O! cleddwch fi gartref yn hên Ynys Fôn!
Yn llwch y Derwyddon, a hon fyddo'r dôn
Y dydd y'm gosodir yn isel fy mhen:—
A'i fysedd chwareuent yr "Hên Gareg Wen."

V.

'Roedd Dafydd yn marw, pan safem yn fud
I wylio datodiad rhwng bywyd a byd—
Yn swn yr hên delyn gogwyddodd ei ben,
Ac angau r'odd fywyd i'r "Hên Gareg Wen."

II.

In spring and in autumn thy glories of shade,
Unhonour'd shall flourish, unhonour'd shall fade;
For soon shall be lifeless the eye and the tongue,
That view'd them with rapture, with rapture that sung.

III.

Thy sons, Dinas Emlyn, may march in their pride,
And chase the proud Saxon, from Prestatyn's side,
But where is the harp shall give life to your name?
And where is the bard shall give heroes their fame?

IV.

And oh! Dinas Emlyn! thy daughters so fair
Who heave the white bosom, and weave the dark hair;
What tuneful enthusiast shall worship their eye,
When half of their charms with Cadwallon shall die?

V.

Then adieu, silver Teivy! I quit thy lov'd scene,
To join the dim choir of the bards who have been,
With Llywarch, and Meilor, and Merlin of old,
And sage Taliesin, high harping to hold.

VI.

And adieu, Dinas Emlyn! still green be thy shades,
Unconquer'd thy warriors, and matchless thy maids,
And thou, whose faint warblings my weakness can tell,
Farewell my lov'd harp! my last treasure, farewell.

AR HYD Y NOS.

"I THINK ON THEE."

Welsh words,
Old *Pennillion.*

Arranged with Symphonies and Accompaniments by
OWAIN ALAW.

English words written by
J. M. E. DOVASTON, ESQR., M.A.

Moderato.
Pianoforte.
mf
p
CARU ei iaith yw gwaith y Cym - ro, Ar hyd y nôs;
ALL the live - long night re - - clin - ing, I think on thee,—
8va
Rallentando.
Caru ei wlad gu, fâd, tra fydd - o, Ar hyd y nôs;
While the si - - lent moon is shin - ing, I think on thee!
8va
loco
f
Car - u urdd - as ei berth - 'nas - au, Car - u moes - au a def - od - au
Plans of plea - sure fond - ly fram - ing, Or in love's e - - lys - ium dream - ing,
cres.
dim. e rall.

II.

Ni awn adref bawb dan ganu
Ar hyd y nôs;
Saif ein hiaith tra safo Cymru;
Ar hyd y nôs.
Bydded undeb a brawdgarwch
Ini 'n gwlwm diogelwch,—
Hwré, frodyr, er hyfrydwch,
Ar hyd y nôs.

III.

Môr o fawredd yw myfyriad,—
Ar hyd y nôs.
Tra mae llewyrch sêr a lleuad
Ar hyd y nôs,
Yn goleuo tir ac wybren,
Ninau 'n gwledda yn dra llawen,
Ffraeth a rhywiog ffrwyth yr awen,
Ar hyd y nôs.

IV.

O weis anwyl, nid oes heno
Ar hyd y nôs,
Yn ein gwlad na brâd na brwydro,
Ar hyd y nôs;
Ond, tan wenu, tynu tànnau,
Gyda chordiad mewn caniadau
O lawenydd ein calonau—
Ar hyd y nôs.

II.

Where the mountain brooklet rimples,
I think on thee!
Where the noon sun'd water dimples,
I think on tne
Where the vernal birds are singing,
And ambrosial blossoms springing,
Flush their evening fragrance flinging,
I think on thee!

III.

Though with maids the dance I measure,
I think on thee.
At the social board of pleasure
I think on thee;
Heartsome healths our glasses gleaming
Beauty, wit, and worth, acclaiming,
Though another's praises naming,
I think on thee!

HEN WLAD FY NHADAU.

LAND OF MY FATHERS.

The Welsh words written by Mr. Evan James, Pontypridd.
Melody by his son Mr. James James, (By permission.)

English words, with Symphonies, Accompaniments, and Chorus, by Owain Alaw.

Moderato.
Pianoforte.
mf
Mae hèn - wlad fy nhad - au yn an - wyl i
Oh! land of my fa - thers, the land of the
mi, Gwlad beirdd a chan - tor - ion, en - wog - ion o fri; Ei gwr - ol ry-
free, The home of the Tel - yn,* so sooth - ing to me, Thy no - ble de-
fel - wyr, gwlad - gar - wyr tra mâd, Tros rydd - id goll - - as - - ant eu gwaed.
fen - ders were gal - lant and brave, For thy free - dom their hearts' life they gave!

* The Welsh or Triple Harp, the national instrument of Wales.

Treble Solo, first time, and repeat in Chorus.
AIR.
ALTO.
TENOR.
BASS.
Gwlad, gwlad, pleid - iol wyf i'm gwlad, Tra môr yn fur i'r bur hoff bau, O bydded i'r heniaith bar - hau.
Wales, Wales, my mother's sweet home is in Wales, Till death be pass'd my love shall last, My longing, my hiraeth* for Wales.
p. Repeat f
Symphony. mf
p

II.

Hên Gymru fynyddig, paradwys y bardd,
Pob dyffryn, pob clogwyn, i'm golwg sydd hardd;
Trwy deimlad gwladgarol, mor swynol yw si
Ei nentydd, afonydd, i fi.
Gwlad, &c.

III.

Os treisiodd y gelyn fy ngwlad dan ei droed,
Mae heniaith y Cymry mor fyw ag erioed,
Ni luddiwyd yr awen gan erchyll law brâd,
Na thelyn bêrseiniol fy ngwlad.
Gwlad, &c.

II.

Thou Eden of bards, and birth-place of song,
The sons of thy mountains are valiant and strong;
The voice of thy streamlets is soft to the ear,
Thy hills and thy vallies how dear!
Wales, &c.

III.

Though trampled and crush'd by oppression's foul wrong,
The language of Cambria still lives on in song;
The *Awen* survives, nor have envious tales
Yet silenced the harp of dear Wales.
Wales, &c.

ENGLISH TRANSLATION BY EBEN VARDD.

I.

The land of my fathers, the land of my choice,
The land in which poets and minstrels rejoice;
The land whose stern warriors were true to the core,
While bleeding for freedom of yore.
Wales! Wales! favorite land of Wales!
While sea her wall, may nought befall
To mar the old language of Wales!

II.

Mountainous old Cambria, the Eden of bards,
Each hill and each valley, excite my regards;
To the ears of her patriots how charming still seems
The music that flows in her streams.
Wales, &c.

III.

My country, though crush'd by a hostile array,
The language of Cambria lives out to this day;
The muse has eluded the traitors' foul knives,
The harp of my country survives.
Wales, &c.

*Yearning.

YMWELIAD Y BARDD.

THE BARD'S VISIT.

The Welsh words written by the
Rev. John Jones, (Tegid).

The Music composed by Owain Alaw.

The English translation by the
Lady Charlotte Schreiber. (By permission.)

Moderato.
Pianoforte.
p
I dref y Ba - la 'r aeth y bardd, I ed - rych am ei dad, Aeth
The Bard to Ba - la jour - ney'd home, His a - ged sire to see; Through
dros y tŷ a thrwy yr ardd, Gan waedd - i "O fy nhad!— Nid
house, through gar - den did he roam, Crying "Fa - ther wel - - come me!— I
yw fy nhad yn un - rhyw fan, Os nad yw yn y bedd;" At-
can - not find my fa - ther dear, Oh! is he in the grave?" His

Con espress.
teb - ai car - eg idd - o'n wan, Dy - wed - ai "Yn y bedd," At - teb - ai careg
ac - cents waked an e - cho near, It answer'd,—"In the grave!" His ac - cents waked an
p
idd - o'n wan, Dy - wedai,— "Yn y bedd!"
e - cho near, It answer'd,— "In the grave!"
cres.
pp

II.

"Pa le mae Gwen, fy anwyl Gwen
Fy chwaer pa le 'r wyt ti?
Os wyt yn fyw, anwylaf Gwen,
Ateba, 'Wele fi.'—
Ni chlywaf lais, mawr yw fy mraw,
Wyt tithau yn y bedd?"
Atebai 'r gareg oedd ger llaw,
Dywedai,—"Yn y bedd!"

III.

"Fy mam, fy mam, fy anwyl fam!
A roist im' faeth a mâg,
O dywed im', fy mam, paham
Mae 'r gadair hon yn wâg?
Fy mam, fy mam, fy mam, fy mam,
Wyt tithau yn y bedd?"
Atebai 'r gareg ateb gam,
Dywedai,—"Yn y bedd!"

IV.

"Mae 'r tŷ yn dywyll drwyddo draw,
A'r ardd â'i blodau 'n wyw;
Na'm tad, na'm mam, na'm chwaer ger llaw
Ni welaf mwy yn fyw;
Maent hwy yn cysgu'n min y Llyn,
Mewn gwely pridd eu tri:
Mi wylaf dro wrth feddwl hyn,
Mae hiraeth arnaf fi."

II.

"Oh! where art thou, my sister, where
Thy smile so bright, so free?
If thou 'rt alive, Gwenllian fair,
I pray thee, answer me.—
I hear no voice to calm my fear,
Art thou too in the grave?"
The echo's note was low but clear,
It answered,—"In the grave!"

III.

"My mother! thou my tender nurse
In helpless childhood, say
Why is thy seat unfilled, where first
To heaven I learned to pray?
Oh! mother! mother! best beloved!
Art thou too in the grave?"
His plaintive cry the echo moved,
It answered,—"In the grave!"

IV.

"Dead are the flowers the garden bore,
Dark is the house to me;
No father, mother, sister, more
On earth hope I to see;
For they are sleeping near the Lake,
In bed of clay all three;
Henceforth where 'er my course I take,
Cheerless my path will be."

HEN FORGAN A'I WRAIG.

OLD MORGAN AND HIS WIFE.

Words written by the Rev. Evan Evans, (Ieuan Glan Geirionydd).

The Music arranged by Owain Alaw.

As sung by Owain Alaw. May also be sung by Treble and Bass.

Y Gwr.
Voice.
Mae
Scherzando.
Pianoforte.
ar - na' i eis - iau gwybod, Sian, A ro'ist di fwyd i'r môch? Ac o - ni roddaist—mae'n llawn bryd, Mae'n
Y Wraig.
myn'd yn ddeg o'r glôch. Wel dyn - a ti yn dechreu'th ringe, Yn dinge, yn dinge, o hyd; Mae

This comic *Scena*, considered to be one of the cleverest things of its class in the language, was written for the Compiler of this work, and was sung by him with unbounded applause at the Welsh Concerts. The air is a very ancient Welsh melody, remarkable for its playful sprightliness. The Editor regrets that he has not been able to get an English translation of the words.

Y Gwr.
gwrando ar dy gwrnad gâs, Y'm - ron a'm gyru o'r byd. Pe bai't yn myn'd o'r byd rhyw awr, Mi
Y Wraig. (Sung or spoken.)
Y Gwr.
gawn i fawr ym - war - ed. Ond nid â' i ddim i'th bles - io di Y - chwaith, er maint dy ddwn - ed. O
Y Wraig.
Y Gwr.
pe bai'n di - gwydd i - - ti fyn'd! Ca'it wed'yn wel'd fy ngholl - ed. Taw
Y Wraig. (Sung or spoken.)
Repeat, ad. lib.
Taw di, taw di, 'r hên Forgan,— Mi daw - a' I rwy'n d'weyd i ti, Pan
Sian, taw Sian, o taw, mae'n bryd; Taw, taw, taw, taw, taw,

II.

Y GWR. On'd ydyw 'n arw 'th fod di, Sian,
Fel hyn yn codi 'th glôch,
Am ddim ond i mi holi 'n fwyn—
A ro'ist di fwyd i'r môch?

Y WRAIG. Mi goda'i etto 'nghlôch yn uwch—
'Rwyt fel rhyw Gadi o hyd,
Yn holi a stilio "pa sawl torth
A wnaeth y pecced ŷd?"

G. Ai onid iawn i ŵr y tŷ
Ofalu am yr eiddo?

W. A gwisgo 'r bais yn lle y wraig,
A phobi a thylino!

G. Ond yr wyt ti am wisgo 'r clôs,

W. O rhag dy g'wilydd heno!

G. Taw Sian, taw Sian, *O fie, for shame!*
'Rwyt agos a 'myddaru;

W. Taw di, 'r hên Foc, a'th glingcwm câs
'Rwyt bron a'm syfrdanu.

III.

G. Y mae dy swn yn union fel
Cacynen mewn bŷs côch,—
A dechreu 'r cwbl oedd i'm dd'weyd
"A ro'ist di fwyd i'r môch?"

W. Y mae dy rygniad diflas di,
A'th rwngc, yn ganmil gwaeth—
Yn holi o hyd o hyd "sawl pwys
A wnaeth y corddiad llaeth?"

G. Ti wyddost, Sian, pan ddaw y rhent,
Mai 'r 'menyn yw ein sweewr:

W. Wel, porthwch chwithau 'r gwartheg, syr,
Fel delo 'n well eu cyflwr:

G. Yr ydwy'i'n gwneuthur hyny, Sian,

W. Wel, gwna, a thaw a'th ddwndwr.

G. Taw Sian, taw Sian, taw, gwarchod ni!
Mae 'n bryd it' gau dy hopran.

W. Mi dawa' I, 'rwy 'n d'weyd i ti,
Pan leicia' I, hên Forgan.

IV.

G. Yr wyt yn ddigon, ar fy llw,
I'm gwneyd yn sowldiwr, Sian,
A'm gyru 'i gario 'r mwsged mawr
Yn nghanol mŵg a thân.

W. Tydi yn sowldiwr! nag âi byth,
Mae arnat ofn dy lûn!
Ni fedri di ryfela â neb
Ond â dy wraig dy hun!

G. Mi af i ymladd dros y Twrc,
Yn erbyn Rwssia* gethin.—

W. Wel dos, a thi wnei gystal Twrc
A'r un o fewn ei fyddin!

G. Rhag c'wilydd, Sian, fy ngalw 'n Dwrc!

W. 'Rwyt felly o'th droed i'th goryn.

G. Gâd heibio, Sian, tyr'd ysgwyd law,
A byddwn mwy yn ffrindia!

W. Wel, dyna ben, mi dawa' I—*(pause.)*
Os tewi di yn gynta'.

THIS last verse had better be concluded by the Lady. SOLUS.

* Written at the commencement of the Russian war.

SPECIMEN OF WELSH PENNILLION.

PEN RHAW.—*THE SPADE HEAD.*

Welsh words, old *pennillion.* Symphonies and Accompaniments by OWAIN ALAW. English verses by various authors.

Voice.
Pianoforte.
Moderato.
mf
Er a welais dan y sêr, O lawnder, glewder gwledydd, O
Though I have seen beneath the stars, Most lands where joys a - bound. Good
Once
gwrw da, a gwir i'w drin, A gwin, ar fin af - onydd: Gor - eu bîr, a gor - eu bwyd, A
ale and wine midst jovial men, On rivers marge go round; The best of beer, the best of cheer, Are
did my thoughts both ebb and flow, As passion did them move; Once did I hope, straight fear a - gain, And
ranwyd i Feir - ion - ydd.
in dear Meirion found!
then I was in love.
Mwyn yw tel - yn o fewn tŷ, Lle
Sweet the harp in ev' - ry house, Which
ff
ff
byddo teu - lu dedwydd,
is unvex'd by care,
Pawb a'i bennill yn ei gwrs, Heb sôn am bwrs y cybydd;
When each one sings his song in turn, No nig - gard thoughts are there; And
Once did I waking spend the night, And told how many minutes move, Once

Each part of the above tune is to be sung twice over. For the repeat, the second set of stanzas may be taken, commencing at the fifth bar of each part as written above.

Mwyn yw cân, o ddeutu'r tân, Mor - wyn - ion glân Meir - ion - ydd
Sweetly sing a - round the hearth, Dear Meirion's maidens fair.
did I wishing waste the day, And then I was in love.
pp
mf
Er bod fy nghorph mewn hufen byd Yn rhodio hyd y gwledydd,
Al - though I rove through pleasure's round, And stray o'er land and sea, In
Once
Yn cael pleser môr a thir, Ni chaf yn wir mor llonydd, Myned ad - re' i mi sy' raid, Mae'r
these no true joy can I find, They give no peace to me; I must, O Meirion, home re - turn, My
did I sonnet to my saint, My soul in numbers move; Once did I tell a thousand lies, And
3
en - aid yn Meir-ion - ydd.
soul it is with thee.
then I was in love.
Dear
3

This has a very pretty and pleasing effect:—the Harp plays a Variation of the air, while the Singer chants in harmony, as written above.

Anwyl yw gan ad - ar byd Eu rhyddid hyd y coedydd,
is it to the sweet wild birds, To sing free woods a - mong,
Anwyl yw gan fab - an laeth Ei
Dear is the breast to little babe, And
Once in my breast did dangling hang, A
fammaeth odiaeth ddedwydd,
sweet the mother's song,
little turtle dove,
Yet
Once
O! ni dd'wedwn yn fy myw Mor anwyl yw Meir - ion - ydd.
ne'er, dear Meirion, Can I tell How much for thee I long!
in a word I was a fool, And then I was in love.

I ba beth y byddaf brudd,
A throi llawenydd heibio?
Tra b'wyf ieuange ac yn llɔn,
Rhof hwb i'r galon eto:

Hwb i'r galon, doed a ddel,
Mae rhai na welant ddigon;
Ni waeth punt na chant mewn côd,
Os medrir bod yn foddlon.

Diofal yw 'r aderyn,
Ni hau, ni fêd un gronyn:
Heb ddim gofal yn y byd,
Ond canu hyd y flwyddyn.

Eistedda ar y gangen,
Gan edrych ar ei aden,
Heb un geiniog yn ei gôd,
Yn llywio bod yn llawen.

Where can be the use, I pray
From happiness to sever?
While I am both young and gay,
My heart I'll conquer ever;

Conquer still, though crosses fall,—
Yet some are e'er complaining:
Wealth we need not, great or small,
Where 'er content is reigning.

The bird, so free from care,
Nor sows nor reaps a grain,
But, quite thoughtless through the year,
He chaunts his merry strain.

Upon the branch he'll stand,
His eye fixed on his wing,
Not a penny at command,
Rejoicing still to sing.

THESE verses must be sung commencing with the fifth bar of the tune, repeating each part, as directed before.

SERCH HUDOL.—*THE ALLUREMENT OF LOVE.*

Welsh words, old *pennillion.* Symphonies and Accompaniments by OWAIN ALAW. English words by EARL DORSET, 1702.

Voice.
Pianoforte.
Mwyn yw llun, a main yw llais, Y
The fire of love in youth-ful blood, Like
del-yn farnais newydd, Haeddai glod am fod yn fwyn, Hi yd-yw llwyn lla-wenydd:—
what is kindled in brushwood, But for a moment burns, Yet in that moment, makes a mighty noise, It
dim. e ritardando.
Fe ddaw'r ad-ar yn y man, I diwnio dan ei 'denydd.
crackles, and to va-pour turns, And soon it-self des-troys.
Yma a thraw y maent yn sôn, A min-au'n cys-on wrando,
But when crept in-to a-ged veins, It slow-ly burns, and long re-mains, And

Nas gŵyr un - - dyn yn y wlad Pwy yd - yw'm car - iad et - to;
with a si - - lent heat, Like fire in logs, it glows and warms 'ere long, And
dim. e ritardando.
Ac nis gwn yn dda fy hun Oes i - - mi un a'i peid - io.
though the flame be not so great, Yet is the heat as strong.
Colla voce.

In singing the underneath English Stanzas, the Vocalist must commence with the fifth bar of the first, and the fifth bar of the second part.

Gwedi rhodio'n ddigon rhydd,
Ar hyd y gwledydd gorau,
Cael anrhydedd bonedd byd,
Mewn bywyd heb ddim beiau;—
Ac wedi gweled gwael a gwych,
Têg edrych tuag adre'

Wedi bod ar hyd y wlad
Heb wel'd na thad na theidiau,
Weithiau ar fôr, ac weithiau ar dîr,
Ac felly am hir flynyddau;
Er hyny d'wedir yn ddi nych,
Têg edrych tuag adre'.

My fair, ye swains, is gone astray,
The little wand'rer lost her way,
In gath'ring flow'rs the other day;
Sing high, sing high, sing low.

O lead her home, ye gentle swains,
Who know an absent lover's pains,
And bring in safety o'er the plains
My pretty little Sue.

But rest my soul, and bless your fate,
The God, who form'd her so complete,
Will safely guard her harmless feet
Sing high, sing high, sing low.

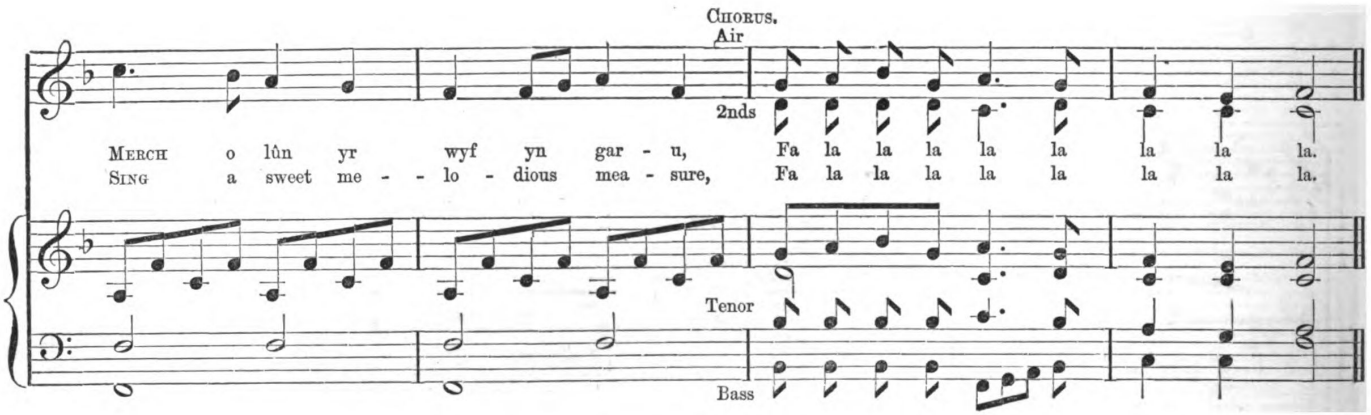
O lead her home, ye gentle swains,
Who know an absent lover's pains,
And bring in safety o'er the plains
My pretty little Sue.

These Stanzas from the "Myrtle and Vine," 1780.

NOS GALAN.—*NEW YEAR'S EVE.*

Welsh and English stanzas, *(pennillion.)*

Symphonies and Accompaniments by Owain Alaw.


Chorus.
Air
2nds
Merch o lûn yr wyf yn gar - u, Fa la la la la la la la la.
Sing a sweet me - - lo - dious mea - sure, Fa la la la la la la la la.
Tenor
Bass

Pan fo haul yn t'wynu'n wresog,
Y mae c'weirio gwair meillionog:
Yn eich blodau, Gwen lliw 'r eira,
Y mae oreu i chwithau ŵra.

Tro dy wyneb ata' i'n union,—
Gyda 'r wyneb tro dy galon,—
Gyda 'r galon tro dy 'wyllys,
Ystyria beth wrth garwr clwyfus.

Lawer gwaith y bu fy mwriad
Gael telynor imi 'n gariad,
Gan felused sŵn y tannau
Gyda 'r hwyr a chyda'r borau.

Bu'm edifar fil o weithiau,
O waith siarad gormod eiriau;
Ni bu 'rioed y fath beryglon,
O waith siarad llai na digon.

Nid yw rhy yn dda mewn unmodd,
Meddai doethion yr hên oesoedd;
Ffordd ganolig rhwng dau ormod,—
Dyna 'r ffordd sy'n glodfawr hynod.

Bu yn agos imi dd'wedyd
Chwedl mawr, pe imi enyd;
Ond yn awr yr wyf yn canfod,
Mai da yw dant i atal tafod.

When Phœbus darts his sultry ray,
The mower cuts the flowering hay;
'Twere best then, snow-white Gwen, that you,
Should marry when you blossom too.

Turn, quickly turn thy face, I pray,
And with thy face turn here thy heart;
Oh let thy will too turn this way,—
Think something of thy lover's smart.

Oft has it been my wish to gain
A lover in a minstrel-swain,
Who with his harp's melodious pow'r,
Might soothe the morn and evening hour.

A thousand times I have repented,
Having more than needful vented;
But ne'er of danger knew a tittle
Cŏme from having said too little.

'Tis true, as ancient sages say,
Too much is wrong in either way:
The middle path, 'tween both extremes,
Alone with praise and honour teems.

My speech, until this very day,
Was ne'er so like to run astray:
But now I find, when going wrong,
My teeth of use to stop my tongue

HOB Y DERRI DANDO.

Welsh and English stanzas, *(pennillion.)*

Symphonies and Accompaniments by OWAIN ALAW.

Solo.
Mi fu'm gynt yn car - u Saesnes, Glob - en fel - en
On - ly wanse I was so funny, Court a 'ooman
Chorus, TO BE REPEATED AFTER EACH STANZA.
Hob y derri dan - do.
Hob y derry dan - do.
Pianoforte.
fawr an - nghynes, Ond pan son - iai am bri - od - i,
with no money, When she ask - ed me to mar - ry,
Dyn - a gan - u et - - to.
That is sing - in' grand O!
p
Sian fwyn, Sian, No in - deed, I will not mar - ry, Sian fwyn, tyr'd i'r llwyn, I
Down, derry down, No, you sha'nt be Mis - tress Par - ry, Down, down, hie derry down, My
Sian fwyn, Sian.
Down, derry down.

THIS charming Pastoral Song is very ancient, and is taken from a song of the Druids, chanted by the Bards and Vades to call the people to their religious assemblies in the Groves. Also it is evident that the old English burden, "Hie down derry down," is taken from the same source as above.—As given here, it is one of the most popular songs in Wales.

seinio'n fwyn-gu Siani fwyn, Sian fwyn, tyr'd i'r llwyn, I seinio'n fwyn-gu, Siani fwyn.
darling Mary do not frown, Down, down, hie derry down, My darling Mary do not frown.
Sian fwyn tyr'd i'r llwyn, I seinio'n fwyn-gu, Siani fwyn.
Down, down, hie derry down, My darling Mary do not frown.

Tebyg yw dy lais yn canu
I hên fuwch pan fo hi 'n brefu,
Neu gi dall yn clepian cyfarth
Wedi colli 'r ffordd i'r buarth.

Gwyn eu byd yr adar gwylltion
Hwy gânt fyn'd i'r fan a fynon',
Weithiau'r môr, ac weithiau'r mynydd,
A d'od adref yn ddigerydd.

Yn y môr y byddo 'r mynydd
Sydd yn cuddio bro Meirionydd;
Na chawn unwaith olwg arni
Cyn i'm calon dirion dori.

Tros y môr y mae fy nghalon;
Tros y môr y mae f' ochneidion;
Tros y môr y mae f' anwylyd,
Sy'n fy meddwl i bob mynyd.

Melus iawn yw llais aderyn
Fore hâf ar ben y brigyn,
Ond melusach cael gan Gweno,
Eiriau heddwch, wedi digio.

Hawdd yw d'wedyd dacw 'r Wyddfa,
Nid eir trosti ond yn ara';
Hawdd i'r iach a fo'n ddiddolur
Beri i'r clâf gymeryd cysur.

Your voice in singing, sir, I trow,
Is like the grunting of a sow,
Or like a blind dog's dismal howl,
Or midnight screeching of an owl.

Thy singing with the Cuckoo's vies,
When on a rock, grown hoarse, he tries
Some endless ditty to commence:
Thy silence best would shew thy sense.

Low, ye hills, in ocean lie,
That hide fair Meirion from my eye,
One distant view, Oh! let me take;
Ere yet my longing heart shall break.

O'er the seas hath flown my heart,
O'er the seas my sighs depart;
And o'er the seas must she be sought,
Who lives yet always in my thought.

A comely youth I once caress'd,
Another fair his heart possess'd;
But her's already given, he lost!
Were ever three so sadly cross'd?

To point to Snowdon's peak sublime
Is easy,—but not so to climb;
Alike for him who knows no pain
To bid the sick man smile again.

MERCH MEGAN. MARGARET'S DAUGHTER.

VARIATION, IN THE WELSH STYLE.

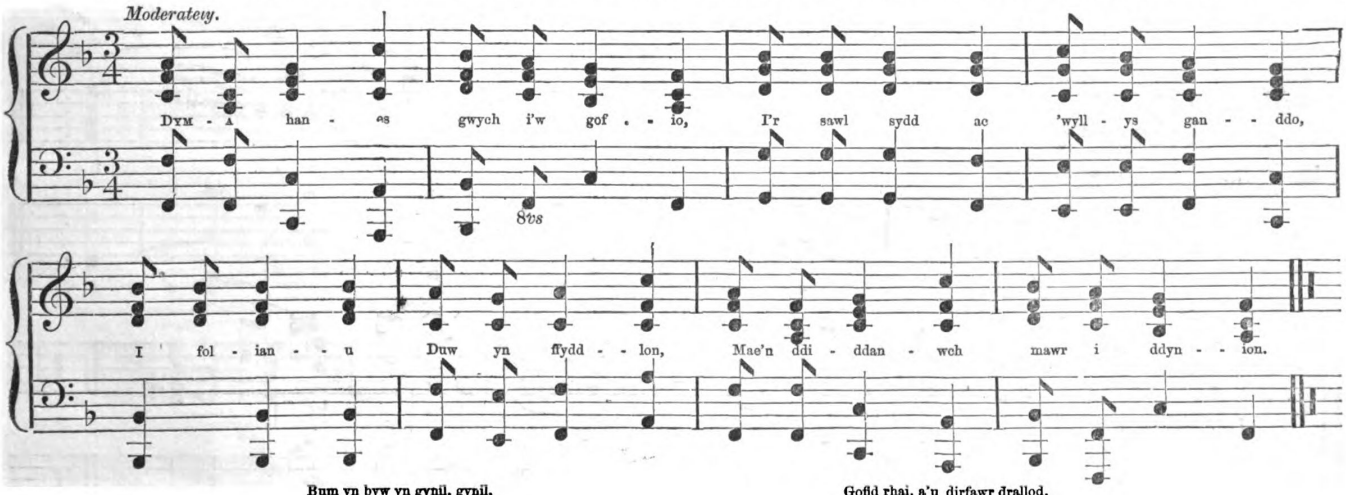
YMDAITH Y MWNGC. THE MONK'S MARCH.

Probably, this is the tune of the Monks of Bangor Iscoed, in Flintshire. At this place there existed a very extensive Monastic Establishment, which flourished about the fourth century. In the year 603, upwards of a thousand of the Monks were slaughtered by Ethelfred, King of Northumbria, while on their way to Chester, to assist (with their prayers) *Brochwell*, Prince of Powis, who, had offered them protection.—*Jones' Bards.* Mr. Chappell, however, supposes this tune to have reference to General Monk and should be called General Monks March.

Y GADLYS. THE CAMP OF THE PALACE, OR "*OF NOBLE RACE WAS SHENKIN.*"

Known as "Is then thy fate decreed," Beggar's opera, and also as "Of noble race was Shenkin."—This is a magnificent specimen of Welsh National Music; originality and boldness of character are united in the Melody.—*Cramer.* This old Heroic song was such a favourite at one time that the words were translated into English, Latin, Greek, and Hebrew.—*Jones' Bards.* Mrs. Hemans has written beautiful words to this air, commencing.—"From the glowing southern regions."

GERDD YR HEN WR O'R COED. THE SONG OF THE OLD WOODMAN.


Moderately.
Dym - a han - as gwych i'w gof - io, I'r sawl sydd ac 'wyll - ys gan - ddo,
8vs
I fol - ian - u Duw yn ffydd - lon, Mae'n ddi - ddan - wch mawr i ddyn - ion.

Bum yn byw yn gynïl, gynïl,
Aeth un ddafad imi'n ddwyfil:—
Tro'is i fyw yn afrad, afrad,
Aeth y ddwyfil yn un ddafad.

Gofid rhai, a'u dirfawr drallod,
Yw eu bod yn meddu gormod:—
Gofid eraill, a'u trallodion,
Yw fod ganddynt lai na'u digon.

CODIAD YR HAUL. THE RISING SUN.

HANDEL is said to have frequently made use of striking and popular tunes, and introduced them into his works. Such has unquestionably been the case in the Chorus "Happy we," in Acis and Galatea, the air of which is evidently founded on the above melody.

MENTRA GWEN. VENTURE GWEN.

BLODAU'R GRUG. HEATH FLOWERS.

SAINT DAVID'S DAY.

THIS national song is generally sung on the first of March the anniversary of Saint David's da-.

RHIBAN MORFUDD. MORFUDD'S RIBBON.

THIS air is supposed to have been composed about the 14th century, probably by the Bard and Musician, Davydd ab Gwilym, who was enamoured of Morfudd, the daughter of Madawc Llawgam, of Anglesea. The Poet composed about 150 Sonnets to celebrate the beauty of his ladie-love, many of which are still extant.

3 MH 62

I. CLARKE, PRINTER AND PUBLISHER, RUTHIN.

SECOND SERIES.

Gems of Welsh Melody.

A SELECTION

OF

POPULAR WELSH SONGS,

WITH ENGLISH AND WELSH WORDS;

SPECIMENS OF PENNILLION SINGING,

After the manner of North Wales;

AND

WELSH NATIONAL AIRS,

ANCIENT AND MODERN;

SET IN A FAMILIAR MANNER FOR THE PIANOFORTE OR HARP,

With Symphonies and Accompaniments,

BY JOHN OWEN, (OWAIN ALAW, PENCERDD.)

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CHESTER: BOUCHER AND CO.

PRICE 2s. 6D.

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INTRODUCTION.

On the publication of the Second Series of the Gems of Welsh Melody, the Editor begs to take the opportunity of presenting his best thanks to his numerous friends and the Public generally, for having so liberally encouraged him in the work he has undertaken. He looks with pride upon the reception accorded to the First Series of the "Gems," not only by his own countrymen, but also by the lovers of National Music in general; and the favourable notices of the Press, with the many communications he has received, embolden him to believe that he has undertaken a work acceptable to the Public, and has supplied a want long felt by the lovers of the Song Literature of the Principality.

To collect all the Melodies of Wales would be too great a task for any individual to undertake, but it is the Editor's intention to continue the publication of the "Gems," and to issue two more uniform parts, which when bound together in a volume will form a good selection of Welsh Music. He has access to a large collection of unpublished airs, from which he intends to select a few from time to time, and thus preserve them from floating into oblivion.

The Musician would but ill complete his task without the aid of the Poet, and to those gentlemen who have so readily assisted him in this important particular, the Editor returns his sincere thanks. To Talhaiarn and Mr. John Ceiriog Hughes his acknowledgments are especially due. He trusts the same kind friends will still bear him company, and assist in "wedding immortal verse to immortal music," and thus help to complete a work on which they and the Editor may always look with satisfaction.

Chester, Feb. 1st, 1861.

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GEMS OF WELSH MELODY.

Y DDEILEN AR YR AFON.

THE LEAFLET ON THE RIVER.

Welsh and English words by
TALHAIARN.

DUET for two Trebles; or, Treble and Tenor.

Music composed by
OWAIN ALAW.

Rallentando.
Tempo.
FIRST.
Mi wel - ais ddeilen fel - - en ar wyn - eb af - on lefn, Heb all - - u nac ew-
Up - on a flowing ri - - ver, I saw a yel - low leaf, Led by a thousand
Rallentando.
Tempo.
SECOND.
ar wyn - eb af - on lefn,
I saw a yel - low leaf,
Rallentando.
Tempo.

II.

Y llengcyn ieuange nwyfus sy'n awr yn hardd ei wedd,
A'r eneth lân a hoenus, ymdeithiant tua'r bedd;
Maent heddyw'n wych mewn iechyd—y foru'n wan dan glwy',
A threnydd yn y beddrod—ni welir monynt mwy:
Er pryder a gofalon, nid yw ein heinioes ni
Ond deilen ar yr afon yn dilyn cwrs y lli'.

II.

The beauteous blushing maiden in spite of all her bloom,
Youth, folly, age, and wisdom, all journey to the tomb;
In sunshine or in shadow from fate we cannot fly—
To-day we bud and blossom—to-morrow we may die—
Then I may say with sorrow—Oh what is life to me?
A helpless leaflet drifting to dark oblivion's sea.

yll - ys, yn myn'd yn wael ei threin—
o - - thers, I view'd their fate with grief;
I eig - ion eb - ar-
So help - less-ly they
dim.
gof - iant, a myrdd i'w dil - yn hi;
float - ed up - on the on - ward tide,
Ac fell - y yr un ffun - ud y cyd - ym - deithiwn
Now swerving in the mid - stream, now drift - ing to the
Tempo.
ni; Er pryd - er a gof - al - - - on, nid yw ein hein - ioes ni Ond
side; I said with heart - felt sor - - - row, Oh what is life to me? A
Rall. ....

deil - en ar yr af - - on yn dil - yn cwrs y lli',
help - less leaf - let drift - - ing to dark ob - liv - ion's sea,
Yn
To
Ond deil - en ar yr
A help - less leaf - let
f
dim.
Slower.
dil - - - - - - - - - yn, yn dil - yn cwrs y lli'.
dark, ... to dark ob - liv - ion's sea.
f
dim.
Slower.
af - - on yn dil - - - - - yn, yn dil - yn cwrs y lli'.
drift - - ing to dark, ... to dark ob - liv - ion's sea.
f
dim.
Slower.
p
cres.
dim.
f
sf.
sf.

II.

Y meng-cyn ieuange nwyfus sy'n awr yn hardd ei wedd,
A'r eneth lân a hoenus, ymdeithiant tua'r bedd;
Maent heddyw'n wych mewn iechyd—y foru'n wan dan glwy',
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Youth, folly, age, and wisdom, all journey to the tomb;
In sunshine or in shadow from fate we cannot fly—
To-day we bud and blossom—to-morrow we may die—
Then I may say with sorrow—Oh what is life to me?
A helpless leaflet drifting to dark oblivion's sea.

CLYCHAU ABERDYFI.

THE BELLS OF ABERDOVEY.

Welsh and English words written for this work by
TALHAIARN.

Symphonies and Accompaniments by
OWAIN ALAW.

Grazioso.
Pianoforte.
mf
pp
mf
Mel - us gweled meibion llon A merched mwynion Cym-ru, Gyd - a'u gil - ydd yn ein gwledd, Yn
Lis - ten to the joy - ous bells, While with your lov - ers straying; O'er the hill their music swells, And
p
ddedwydd i'w rhyf - edd - u: Iech - yd i chwi fawr a mân— Pawb sy'n gwran - do ar fy nghân; Ded-
this is what they're say - ing: Pretty maidens come a - gain, Join us in a mer - ry strain, To
p
p
Ped.
*
wydd-yd bron yw cal - on lân, Meddai clychau Ab - er - - dy - fi, Ded - wyddyd bron yw calon lân, Meddai
all who live on land or main, Say the Bells of A - ber - dovey, To all who live on land or main, Say the

The above charming air is taken from an old printed copy of a forgotten Opera, entitled "Liberty Hall;" into which it was introduced, like many others of the Welsh Melodies. For the amusement of the curious, the Editor appends a verse of the words with the Anglicised Welsh spelling, as set in his copy:—

Do Salmons love a lucid stream,
Do thirsty Sheep love fountains,
Do Druids love a doleful theme,
Or Goats the craggy mountains;
If it be true these things are so,
As truey she's my lovey,
And os wit I yng carrie i,
Rwy fy dwyn dy garrie di
As ein, dai, tri, pedwar, pimp, chweck,
Go the bells of Aberdovey.

II.

Daeth y merched gyda brys
Fel rhosys yma 'n rhesi;
Daeth y llangciau llon yn nghyd
Mewn gwynfyd pur i'w hoffi;
Iechyd i chwi, &c.

III.

Pleser mab yw hoffi merch,
A phleser merch yw cariad;
Pleser calon mab a mûn
Yw nhestyn inau 'n wastad:
Iechyd i chwi, &c.

II.

Sunshine gilds the lovely dells,
And little birds are singing;
Lads are list'ning to the bells,
And they are ever ringing.
Pretty maidens ,&c.

III.

While the fitful changing moon
Is shining on the river,
They will never change their tune
But ring this chime for ever.
Pretty maidens, &c.

Y GWENITH GWYN.

HYWEL A GWENO; OR, HAL AND ANNIE.

Welsh words written by
TALHAIARN.

Symphonies and Accompaniments by
OWAIN ALAW.

English words written by
ALFRED.

Allegretto.
Pianoforte.
mf
Mi welais fachgen ieuange llon Ar fin - ion af - on El - wy, Yn nghwr y llwyn yn
A careless youth one morning strayed, Be - side the winding ri - ver: The stream flowed on, with
p
eil - io càn, A'r ad - ar mân yn syn - nu;
constant tide, As it would flow for e - ver;
Colla voce.
Ac eb - ai'r bach - gen wrth - o'i hun, Pa le mae'r fûn a gar - af? Y
Some dare to cross the stream, said he, But I too long have tar - ried, While
mf

This beautiful melody, known as "*Y Gwenith Gwyn*," has also been published, with Welsh and English words, under the title of "The Maid of *Cefn Ydva*."

II.

Llae cariad wedi taflu rhwyd
O sidan am fy nwyfron;
Perswynol rŵyd o weuad serch
Y ferch a bia 'nghalon:
Ac yn y rhwyd rwy'n byw a bod,
Ni fynnwn fod o honi;
Ac yn y rhwyd y gwnaf barhau
Nes gwnawn ein dau briodi.

III.

A thra 'r oedd Hywel wrth ei fodd
Yn adrodd ei ymsyniad,
'Roedd geneth ieuange yn y llwyn,
Yn llawn o swyn a chariad,
Yn gwrando ar ei nwyfus gân,
A'r adar mân yn llonydd;
'Roedd rhyw beth yn y ganig lon
Yn gwneud ei bron yn ddedwydd.

IV.

Fe gododd Hywel fwyn i fyn'd
A'i ffrynd—y ci, i'w ganlyn,
Fe welodd wyneb Gweno ddel
Yn gwrido fel y rhosyn.—
Yn mhen tair wythnos wedi hyn,
A mi yn syn-fyfyrio,—
'Roedd gŵr a gwraig yn rhodio'r llwyn
Sef Hywel fwyn a Gweno.

II.

But Love a subtle, curious net
Of finest silk was weaving,
And cast it all around his heart,
The mind a prisoner leaving;
For tripping on the bank there came
A damsel blithe and bonnie:
He saw and loved the nut-brown maid,
The kind and gentle Annie.

III.

His soul, confined by silken chains,
Still felt a secret pleasure,
His heart was filled with strong desire
To gain the brilliant treasure.
Why yield to cold delay? he cried,
When life's quick stream is flowing
Who lingers on the brink may wait
Till life's best joys are going.

IV.

That morn resolv'd all former doubts,
And fix'd the fate of Harry;
A still small voice e'er follow'd him,
And whispered "Do not tarry!"
In three short weeks I heard the bells
Salute the bridal morning;
Thus Hal was made a happy man—
Old bachelors, take warning!

Y BARDD YN EI AWEN.

THE INSPIRED BARD.

Welsh and English words written by
TALHAIARN.

Symphonies, Accompaniments, and Chorus by
OWAIN ALAW.

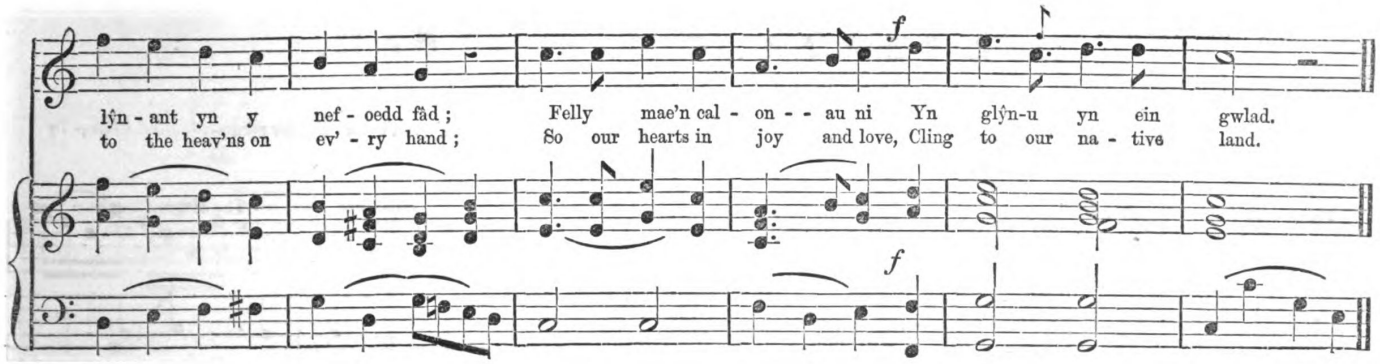
Maestoso.
Pianoforte.
f
DEU - ED pawb yn ddiwahân I ro'i go - goniant gwyeh ar gân, O
MINSTREL, may thy notes prolong The Bardic rapture of our song, On
p
hyd i Wal-ia hardd; Un - ed cal - - on, llais, a thant, I gan - mol ei gwladgar - ol blant, Yn
ev' - - ry hill in Wales; While we chant a ten - der strain, Af - fec - tion echoes the re - frain, In
mf
bêr - aidd ef - o'r Bardd; Fel y sêr o seir - ian fri, A
all our glens and vales; As the stars that shine a - bove, Cling

II.

Gwalia anwyl, deffro, cwyd,
Anwylyd nef a daear wyd,
A bendith Naf i ni;
Tra b'o haul a lloer uwch ben,
A sêr yn ddisglaer yn y nen,
Yn daer y cerir di.
Fel y sêr, &c.

II.

Blessings on thy children all,
May nought to mar their joys befall,
Or undermine their worth;
In their hearts, and in their eyes,
Their country is a Paradise,—
A glimpse of heav'n on earth.
As the stars, &c.


lŷn - ant yn y nef - oedd fâd ; Felly mae'n cal - on - - au ni Yn glŷn-u yn ein gwlad.
to the heav'ns on ev' - ry hand ; So our hearts in joy and love, Cling to our na - tive land.

Chorus.
ATR.
ALTO.
TENOR.
BASS.
Fel y sêr o seirian fri, A lŷnant yn y nefoedd fâd ; Felly mae'n cal-on-au ni Yn glŷnu yn ein gwlad.
As the stars that shine above, Cling to the heav'ns on ev'ry hand ; So our hearts in joy & love, Cling to our native land.
Symphony.
cres. cen. do.

CYMRU LAN, GWLAD Y GAN.

BEAUTEOUS WALES, DEAREST WALES.

Welsh and English words by
TALHAIARN.

The Music Composed by
OWAIN ALAW

Voice.
Pianoforte.
Moderato.
mf
p
Pa wlad sy' mor bêr-
What land is so en-
swyn - ol a'n gwlad hy - nod - ol ni? Pob bryn a dyffryn sir - - iol sydd o an - farwol fri; Gor-
chant - ing as our dear Kymric land? With mountains pointing hea - ven - ward, so rugged and so grand, And
f
en - wog yw pob ar - dal am wŷr sy'n cynal cân, A rhydd yw ein myn - ydd - - oedd, a llon ein glynoedd glân,
peace-ful valleys nestl - ing a - mid the furze-clad hills, Where teeming nature glad - dens with the music of the rills.
f
Colla voce.

II.

Dysgleirio wna dy Awen fel seren, yn mhob sir,
Dysgleiriodd yn foreuol, a dysglaer fydd yn hir;
Gwladgarwch sydd yn gwenu i ddenu nerth dy ddawn
I ganu dy ogoniant o dânt a chalon lawn.
Cymru lân, gwlad y gân, &c.

III.

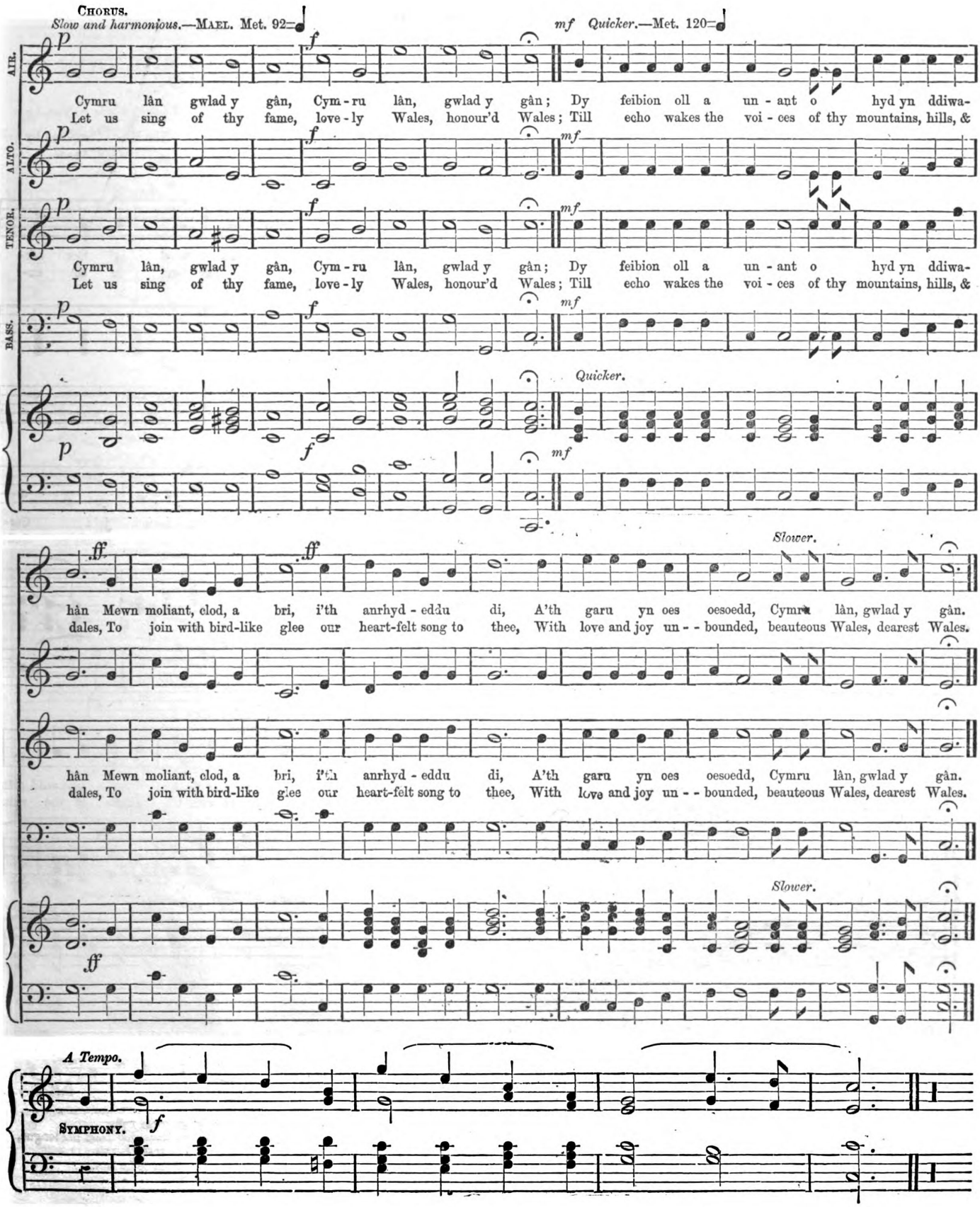
Dedwyddyd, a thangnefedd, a rhinwedd f'o i'th ran,
A'th lwyddiant f'o ar gynydd o fôr i fynydd bân;
Monwesa dduwies Rhyddid—hôff Ryddid! lân ei phryd,
Nes byddo ei hathrylith yn fendith i'r holl fyd.
Cymru lân, gwlad y gân, &c.

II.

Oh land made ever famous by mighty men of old,
Those wild impassion'd Britons in battle ever bold;
Whose onslaught on their foemen was furious as the gales
That madly sweep thy mountains and rush along thy vales.
Let us sing of thy fame, &c.

III.

Thy Bardic Muse, inspired, of holy Freedom sung,
And noble thoughts came flashing like lightning from her tongue,
To scorch each fell usurper who tried to trample thee;
To glow within the people and teach them to be free.
Let us sing of thy fame, &c.


Chorus.
Slow and harmonious.—Mael. Met. 92
mf Quicker.—Met. 120
AIR.
ALTO.
TENOR.
BASS.
Cymru lân gwlad y gân, Cym - ru lân, gwlad y gân; Dy feibion oll a un - ant o hyd yn ddiwa-
Let us sing of thy fame, love - ly Wales, honour'd Wales; Till echo wakes the voi - ces of thy mountains, hills, &
Quicker.
hân Mewn moliant, clod, a bri, i'th anrhyd - eddu di, A'th garu yn oes oesoedd, Cymru lân, gwlad y gân.
dales, To join with bird-like glee our heart-felt song to thee, With love and joy un - - bounded, beauteous Wales, dearest Wales.
Slower.
A Tempo.
Symphony.

Y GADLYS.

THE CAMP OF THE PALACE; OR, "OF NOBLE RACE WAS SHENKIN."

Welsh words written by JOHN CEIRIOG HUGHES.

Arranged as a Duet by OWAIN ALAW.

English words written by ELVYNYDD.

MAE Jane ein merch am gym'ryd gŵr;
SHALL Cambria, Cambria sh.ink su - pine,
Nis gwn i fawr am
And sea - ward points her
Gad idd - i hi, ond pwy yw'r dyn?
When Al - bion arms her willing sons,

dan-o'n siwr;
ready guns,
Rhe - ol - i'r byd mae cariad:
No: Wales is Wales for ever;
Espress.
Ond gwell cael gŵr na bod heb 'run.
To guard for Peace the noblest shrine?
Rhe-ol-i'r byd mae cariad: Troi y dw'r, haws i ni, O nat-
No: Wales is Wales for ever; Heart and eye as of old, Still are
Colla voce.

Mynais i dy gael di, Mynaist dithau fy nghael i, Ac waeth i ni yn wir heb siarad, Mynais
And un - mov'd she shall stand Still the nation's good right hand, In loyal ties which none can sever, And un-
ur - iol wely'r lli';
quenchless, bright, & bold,
f
mf

cres.
i dy gael di, Mynaist dithau fy nghael i. Ac waeth i ni yn wir heb siarad.
mov'd she shall stand, Still the nation's good right hand, In loyal ties which none can sever!
cres.
ff
ff sempre.

II.

Cawn golled fawr os collwn Jane—
Gad iddi fyn'd, a doed a ddoed;
Pan ge's i di ro'wn i yn hen,
Un ddigon hen wyt ti erioed.
Ond caru 'r y'm er hyny.
Hardda 'r wedd, hardda 'r wên,
Fel po meina' 'r elo 'r ên,
Cryfaf serch, serch yr hen;
Lawr i'r bedd fe deithia Jane,
Ond serch, ond serch a deithia i fynu.

III.

Ond rhaid cael morwyn yn ei lle,—
Os rhaid cael *dwy*, gad hyny fod.
Rwy'n erïo bron, nas gwn am be';
Pa bryd mae 'r llanc yn meddwl d'od?
Myn cariad fod yn benaeth.
Felly bo, felly bo,
Myn'd yr y'm o do i do.
Pan f'om ni yn y gro,
Ef sy'n porthi'r deryn tô,
Fydd dyner dad i'n hanwyl eneth.

II.

But gifts there be, and blessings yet,
Her elder choice, her separate part;
And firm on life and speech and art
Her own loved Bardic seal is set.
And time shall banish never
All the centuries of might,
When her falchion leapt to light,
And her beacon-flames glowed,
And her blood unheeded flowed,
To thwart each despot's base endeavour!

III.

Ye patriot brave, ye wisely strong,
Arm, arm, and so serenely wait;
Keep well the Isle's united state.
But guard, oh! guard the Land of Song;
And trust the Eternal Giver.
By wood, field, and mountain,
By stream and wave and fountain,
By Strength, Faith, and Duty,
By Genius, Love, and Beauty,
Our Cambria *was*, and *will be* ever!

GWENO FWYN GU.

Words and Melody by
TALHAIARN.

Symphonies and Accompaniments by
OWAIN ALAW.

Allegretto.
Pianoforte.
A ddoi di, fy nghariad, i gys - god y llwyn? Hai ho! Gweno fwyn gu,
I glywed yr ad - ar yn tryd-ar ar dwyn, Hai ho! Gwen-o fwyn gu.
Daw 'r fron - fraith i gan - u ar frig - yn y pren, A'r hed - ydd i gwaf - rio yn

II.

Mi wn bydd y rhosyn prydferthaf ar wŷdd, Hai ho! &c.,
Yn chwennych cusanu y gwrid ar dy rudd, Hai ho! &c.,
A'r lili'n adlewyrch claerwynder dy fron,
Gan dd'weyd, Ow! na fawn I cyn hardded a hon,
A minau 'n addoli dy lygad glâs llon, Hai ho! Gweno fwyn gu.

III.

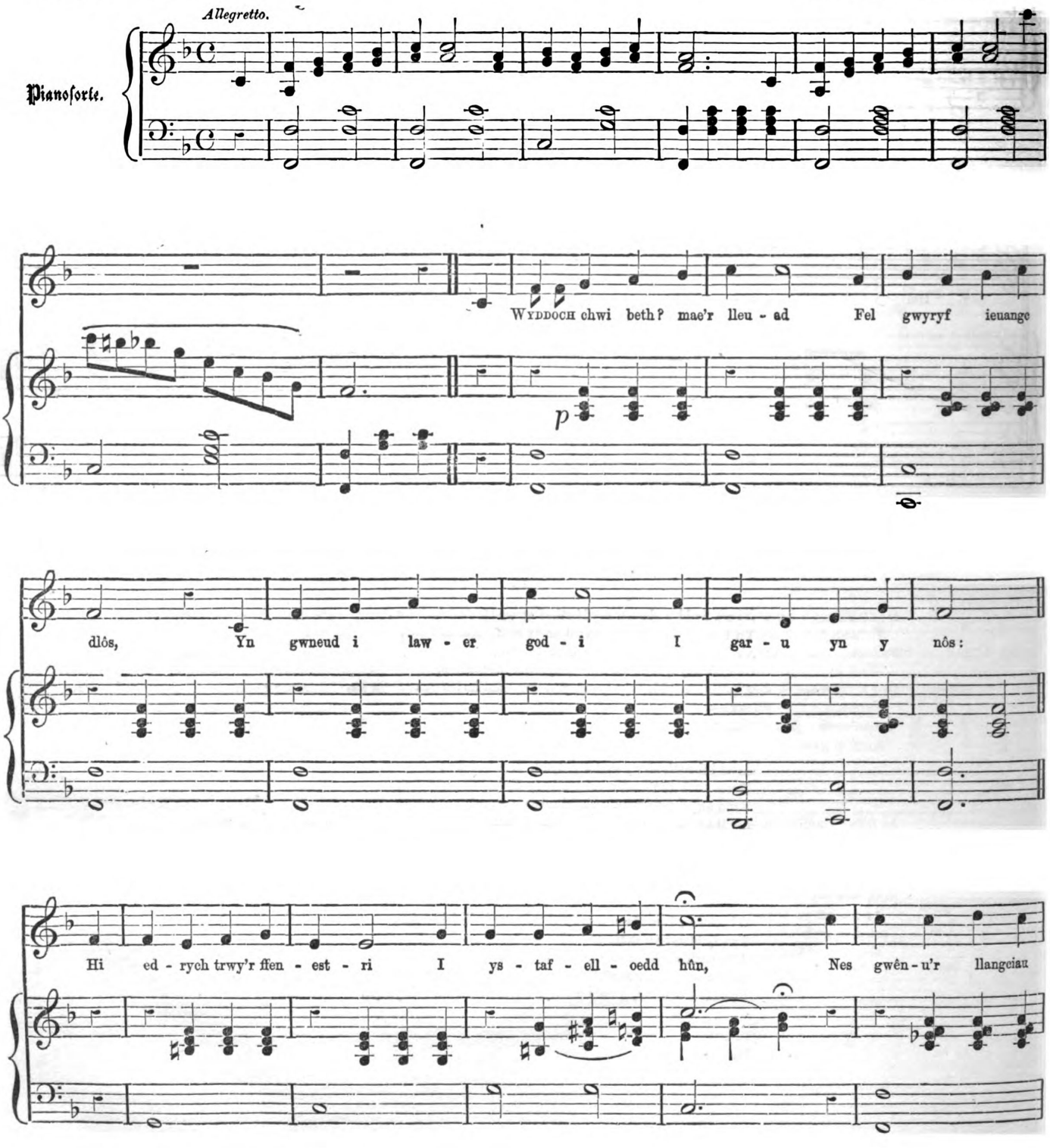
Ar ol ini rodio drwy gydol y dydd, Hai ho! &c.,
Y nos wrth fyn'd adre cei gyffes fy ffydd, Hai ho! &c.,
Bydd swyn ein cwmnïaeth fel miwsig a medd,
A'r lloer yn tywynu yn hoyw mewn hedd,
A'r sêr yn ddisgleiriach pan welant dy wedd, Hai ho! Gweno fwyn gu.

IV.

O! mawr ydyw pleser a mwynder fy myd, Hai ho! &c.,
Pan fyddwyf yn dotio ar lendid dy bryd, Hai ho! &c.,
A'm meddwl yn rhedeg o hyd ac o hyd
Ar bethau mwy gwerthfawr na chyfoeth y byd,—
Priodas a chariad, a babi a chryd! Hai ho! Gweno fwyn gu.

CARU'R LLEUAD.

Words by JOHN CEIRIOG HUGHES. Composed by OWAIN ALAW, 1859.


Allegretto.
Pianoforte.
WYDDOCH chwi beth? mae'r lleu - ad Fel gwyryf ieuange
p
dlôs, Yn gwneud i law - er god - i I gar - u yn y nôs:
Hi ed - rych trwy'r ffen - est - ri I ys - taf - ell - oedd hûn, Nes gwên - u'r llangciau

II.

O! diolch am y lleuad,
Fe 'nhgododd i ryw dro;
Fe godais inau 'nghariad
Wrth guro brig y tô:
Ond O! pan welais Betsi
Anghofio 'r lloer wnes i,—
'Doedd fawr o garu 'r Lleuad
Ar ol ei gweled hi.

III.

Ac fel yr ymddiddanem,
O amgylch tân o fawn,
'Roedd Betsi yn dafotrwg
Yn hèl a thrin yn iawn;
Edliwiem hên gariadau,
Ac wed'yn yn ddioed
Cymodem gyda chusan
Mwy ffryndiol nag erioed.

IV.

Hi dd'wedai 'n bendant wrthyf
Na wnai briodi byth,
Chwibanwn inau 'n ddistaw,
A d'wedwn wrthi 'n syth—
Mae hyny mor naturiol
Am danom ni ill dau,
A phe b'ai tatws cynar
Yn tyfu ar goed cnau.

V.

'Roedd hyn yn garu digrif,
Ond difyr, difyr iawn—
Yr eneth oll yn dafod,
A minau oll yn ddawn.
Mae'r lloer yn gwênu eto,
Ond nid i'n codi ni;
'Rwyf fi yn ŵr i Betsi,
A Betsi 'n wraig i mi.

CODIAD YR EHEDYDD.

THE RISING OF THE LARK.

Welsh words by
IORWERTH GLAN ALED.

Symphonies and Accompaniments by
OWAIN ALAW.

English words by
J. M. E. DOVASTON, ESQ.

Allegro Moderato.
Pianoforte.
mf
CAN, cân e - - hed - ydd glân, Nes swyno myrdd â'th seiniau mân, Mewn dyddan gynghan gu;
LIGHT of my low - ly bed, When dapple dawn is fleck'd with red, On rus - set wings I fly,—
Llon, llon yw pob rhyw fron, Yn niw - yg hael dy gan - ig hon, Ar ddwyfron nef - oedd
Long e'er the ear - liest beam Has set Au - ro - ra's pearls a - flame, I meet it in the
8va.
fry;
skies—
Od - lig grwydrol o'r fro nef - ol Yw dy swynol gar - ol gudd,
Quiv - ring, mounting, free, free sail - ing, Sweet, sweet notes I scatt'ring sound,
mf
Rallentando.

Hud - ol gan - iad a'i dylan - wad Eg - yr lyg - ad tâd y dydd, Miwsig Ed - en
Glim' - ring, circling, shrill peal peal - ing, Mid the mot - less lost and found, With cheer, cheer, cheer, I
8va.
loco.
p
Colla voce.
wyt ar ad - en Bri yr aw - en rydd.
war - ble clear A - - round, a - round, a - round.
8va.
2nd Verse.
Wi! wi! dy aw - en di, Yn fwyn - a' dim sy 'n f'en - aid i, I'm llon - i ar y
When rye be - gins to ear, And through the blades red pop - pies 'pear, With corn-flow'rs heav'nly

llawr ; Cân, cân dy odl - au mân, Nes llan - w'm côl â dwy - fol dân, Ser-
blue ; I've seen the po - et stay Be - - side the fragrant hawthorn spray, And
8va.
aph - aidd gyng - han gwawr. Fe ddaw bor - eu y caf fin - au God - i seiniau
keep me keen in view. Hap - ly on my fro - lics gaz - ing, In my life he
gyd - a saint, Heb ofid - iau'n rhydd fel tithau Yn wybrenau'r ne' a'i braint,— A
marks his own— Few observ - ing, few - - er praising, When my lit - tle all is thrown, Un-
Rall.
di - fai lêf mewn dwyfol lŷs Heb un an - hwyl - - - us haint.
miss'd I stop, and sudden drop A - - down, a - - down, a - - down.
cres.
Rall.
p
p
pp

Y T R E N.

THE TRAIN.

Welsh words by
JOHN CEIRIOG HUGHES.

The Music Composed by OWAIN ALAW, 1859.

English translation by
W. H. BAKER.

Voice.
Pianoforte.
'Rol lapio'm traed mewn hugan llwyd, Fel pawb oedd yn y trên, Ac ysgwyd llaw ag Wmffre Llwyd, A chanu'n iach i
While busy porters were employ'd To start the early train, I said "Good bye" to Humphrey Lloyd, & kiss'd my darling
Jane: Chwib - an - odd y peiriant yn gryf ac yn grôch, Fel gwichiad son - iar-us pum ugain o fôch; "All right" meddai rhywun, a
Jane, The Engine's shrill whistle then utter'd a shriek, As if ten thousand pigs gave their last dying squeak, "All right," cried the guard, And "A
cres.
cres.
fz.
chanwyd y glôch, "All right," meddai rhywun, a chanwyd y glôch. Hergwd a
l" rang his bell, The last comer rush'd to his carriage pell mell!— Then came a
tr
chwiff, Ac mewn hanner chwiff, Ys - gytiad a chwff, Piff - piff, a piff - piff—
bump, Tired wheels utter'd groans, And I gave a jump That shook all my bones.
8va

Hwl - ti, hel - tar, scil - ti sceltar, A
Hel - - ter, skel - ter, mad - ly clatter - ing
fz.
ffwrdd a ni,
o'er the rails,
Fel rhai ar bad - ell - au, Neu rês o deg - ellau,
With noise from the metals Like tin pans or kettles
Linge, longe, wrth gyn - ffon ci,.....
Tied to a mill - ion tails,.....
Linge, longe, wrth
Tied to a
gyn - - - ffon ci,.....
mill - - - ion tails,.....
Linge, longe wrth gyn - - - ffon
Tied to a mill - - - ion

ci!
tails!
O danom mae teiau A llwyn o sim - neuau Yn ag - or eu
Past chimneys all smoking, Heads from windows poking, And vulgar boys
safn - au'n sŷn,.....
scream - ing loud;.....
Ond wel - e ni'n sydyn, Heb neb yn an - hydyn, Mewn haner mun - ud - un Tros ddyff-
Through fields next our course is, We frighten the horses, With sheep it still worse is, They're off
ryn a bryn!
in a crowd!
8va.
tr
ff
Trwy y twn - el,..... tros y pynt,.....
Through dark tun - nels,..... cut - - - tings deep—.....
tr tr tr tr tr tr

Fel y gwynt, Fel rhai ar bad - ellau, Neu rês o deg - ell - - au, Linge, longe, wrth gyn-
On we sweep; The grim looking stoker With shovel and po - - ker Gets up more fire
8va.
ffon ci,..... Fel rhai ar bad - ellau, Neu rês o deg - ell - - au, Linge, longe, wrth gyn - - - ffon
and steam,— ..... The birds soon for - sake us, The wind can't o'er take us, Nor the red light - - - ning's
ci!..... Bwr - w drwyddi— mlaen a ni yn gynt, gynt, gynt,.....
gleam—..... E'en the sta - tions now a long street seem, On! On!.....
Pell - ach, pell - ach cip- - - ir ni Strim stram strell - ach! Ha! hi! hi!
Hey! there be the sea and Dee,— That is glo - rious! He! he! he! Ha!
Repeat this as Symphony.

Dac - - w
Near - - er
ef - - ail, dac - w shop, Dym - a Cymru!— stop! stop! stop!..... Dac - - w
comes yon mountains top, Here's old Cambria!— stop! stop! stop!..... Near - er
8va.
ef - ail, dac - w shop, Dym - a Gymru!— stop! stop! stop!..... stop!.....
comes yon mountains top, Here's old Cambria!— stop! stop! step!..... stop!.....
loco.
stop!.....
stop!.....
tr
tr
tr
Rall. e dim.
ff

SPECIMENS OF WELSH PENNILLION.

MWYNDER CORWEN.—*THE DELIGHT OF CORWEN.*

Welsh words, *Old Pennillion.* Arranged by Owain Alaw. Ancient Welsh Melody, from an old M.S. contributed by the Rev. T. R. Lloyd, (Estyn).

Pianoforte.
Ni chân cŏg ddim am - - ser gau - a', Ni chân
Si - - - lent are the birds in Winter, Harps un-
tel - yn heb ddim tàn - nau ; Ni chân calon, hawdd iwch wybod, Pan fo gal - ar ar ei gwaelod.
strung are still each morrow ; So my heart, of joy but stint ner, Can - not sing in grief and sorrow.

Dod dy law, ond wyt yn
Place on my breast, if still
coelio, Dan fy - mron, a gwylia'm briwo: Ti gei glywed, os gwran - dewi, Swn y galon fach yn tori.
doubting, Your hand, but no rough pressure making, And you'll find out by gent-ly list'ning, How throbs a lit - tle heart when breaking.

Cleddwch fi, pan fyddwyf farw,
Yn y coed dan ddail y derw;
Chwi gewch weled llange penfelyn
Ar fy medd yn canu'r delyn.

Gwedwch fawrion o wybodaeth,
O ba beth y gwnaethpwyd hiraeth?
A pha ddefnydd a roed ynddo—
Nas darfydda wrth ei wisgo?

Hiraeth mawr a hiraeth creulon!
Hiraeth sydd yn tori'm calon;
Pan fwyf dryma'r nos yn cysgu
Fe ddaw hiraeth ac a'm deffru.

Rho'is fy mryd ar garu glân-ddyn;
Fe roes hwn ei serch ar rywun;
Hono roes ei serch ar arall—
Dyna dri yn caru 'n anghall.

Bury me, for love and pity,
'Neath the Oak-tree, in the wildwood,
Fairy hands shall harp my ditty,
When the Spring buds into childhood.

Tell me, wise ones, in a minute,
What the compounds are of Longing?
And what substance was put in it
That it lessens not by wearing?

Longing 's deep and cruel smart,
Longing 'tis that breaks my heart;
When heaviest sleep at night o'ertakes me,
Longing comes, alas! and wakes me.

A comely youth I once caress'd,
Another fair his heart possess'd;
But her 's already given, he lost,
Were ever three so sadly cross'd

MERCH MEGAN.—*MARGARET'S DAUGHTER.*

Welsh words by Eryn. **English words by J. F. M. Dovaston, Esq., M.A.**

Allegretto.

Pianoforte.

Mae'n bur hawdd i ddynion wneyd cwynion fel yn - a, A sôn fel y'u siom - wyd mor
The daughter of Megan, so love - ly and blooming, I met in Glan - a - von's gay
ddybryd yn Nel,— Tra chwerthin wnewch chiwthau,— ond gwranda' di ym - a :— Mae'n
glit - ter - ing hall; And high rose my heart, am - bi - tion as - - - su - ming, To
8va.
haws - ed i Nel - i wneud can - u o'r fel. 'Rwyf fin - au yn cof - io, wrth
dance with the dam - sel— the bloom of the ball, Oh daughter of Me - gan, look
loco.

rod - io ar haf-nawn, Am ryw - un oedd was - tad yn bar - od wrth law I'm
not so al - - lur - ing On a youth that his hope with thy hand must re - sign, Who
derbyn dros gamfa mewn dal - fa gar - iad - lawn, Gan ddwyn *Numbe - rell* rhag i Nel gael dim gwlaw.
now the sad pang of des - pair is en - dur - ing, For the splendour thou lovest can ne - ver be mine.

Mor hynaws yn canlyn 'roedd Shonyn wrth garu!
Fel byddai yn crefu cael fy helpu i lawr!
Cael rhanu fy nhaith I! a'm gwaith i ysgafnu!
Mor dirion feddylgar! ond sut yw hi'n awr?
Caf bwytho, a sewrio, a godro, a smwddio,
A shafftio 'n y ferfa wrth deilo'r darn gwair,
A Shonyn, tra yntau 'n un rholyn yn rafio,
Gall Nel dd'od a'r mochyn wrth gortyn o'r ffair.

Tra smocio mae Shonyn yn llengcyn dihoced,
Neu'n heulo wrth odyn mal 'sglodyn difeth;
Neu 'n rhodio 'r tafarnau a'i ddwylaw 'n ei boced,
Rhoi 'r freintlen i Neli gyflawni pob peth.—
Gall bobi, a golchi, a chorddi, a garddu,
A chludo baich tanwydd o'r mynydd—waith t'lawd;
Ac yna o'r pobty, mewn ffwdan a pharddu,
Gall Nel gario'r plentyn i'r felin am flawd.

The daughter of Megan, so lovely and blooming,
I met in Glanavon's gay glittering hall;
And high rose my heart, ambition assuming,
To dance with the damsel—the bloom of the ball.
Oh, daughter of Megan, look not so alluring
On a youth that his hope with thy hand must resign,
Who now the sad pang of despair is enduring,
For the splendour thou lovest can never be mine.

Go, daughter of Megan, to circles of splendour,
Each eye that beholds thee thy presence shall bless;
And the delicate mind feel a passion more tender,
On thy beauties to gaze than others possess;
But daughter of Megan, to-morrow I'm going
On ocean to sail, where the rude billows roar;
And I feel my full heart with affection o'erflowing,
For perhaps I may gaze on thy beauties no more.

DYSDYLL Y DON.—*THE EBB OF THE TIDE.*

Welsh words by J. Ceirioc Hughes, with Old *Pennillion*. English words by Estyn.

Allegretto.
Pianoforte.
mf
Hen wraig o Ben-y-mor--fa, Yn gwerth-u llef-rith
I saw a box with Shon-net, With lots of nice snuff
p
ten--a; Mi dd'wedodd neithiwr wrth fy mam, Na roiff hi fawr am ddim-a', Ni phechodd hi ddim.
in it, It would not have been much if she Had of-fer'd me some of it, But she ne-ver did.

Mi welais flwch gan Gweno,
A'i lon'd o snisin ynddo;
Ni fase'n waeth i'r fûn ddi feth
Roi imi beth o hono,—
Mi cauodd o'n glep!
(Old Pennillion.)

Un llygad, oedd y feinwen,
A hwnw tan ei thalcen;
A byth pan geuai hwnw 'i hun
Fe dd'wedai dyn o Gorwen
Na welai hi ddim.

Gofynais am ei geneth
A brïodasid ddwywaith:
Dywedodd hithau,—"Mae gŵr Sal
Yn gystal mab yn nghyfraith
A welsoch erioed."

Gofynais sut 'r oedd Marg'red,
A'r môch, a'r cŵn, a'r defaid,—
"Symol" meddai "ydi'r *hŵch*,
O dowch, cymerwch binsied."
Ond chym'wn I ddim.

Ond wedi siarad tipyn,
Agorodd ei blwch wedyn;
A hi gymerodd ar un twrn,
Bron lond ei dwrn o snisin!
A cheuodd y blwch.

D'wed rhai, fod T'wysog Cymru,
Yn bwyta uwd a llymru,
Pan ddaw yn gryf at fwy o faeth
Caiff datws llaeth i'w g'nesu,
A'i yru fo'n dew.

'R oedd dyn yn mynydd Nanter,
A'i grys yn llai na'i goler;
A'i goler crys mor fach a neis
Nes tybiodd Preis y cobler
Nad oedd ganddo 'r un.
(J. C. Hughes.)

The Lady had but one eye,
And *that* rolled rather funny;
From which a Cowen man supposed
That if she closed it firmly,
She could'nt see at all.

Perhaps that man was joking,
But I have since been thinking,
That if she could not see her cup
She made it up in talking,
She did indeed truth.

She talked about her daughter,
The pigs, boys, cows, and weather
Sometimes of great things, then of small,
And then of all together.—
Always taking snuff.

WELSH NATIONAL AIRS.

CADAIR IDRIS.

THE AIR OF THE POPULAR SONG "JENNY JONES."

CNOCELL Y COED. THE WOODPECKER.

This is a tune to which *pennillion* are sung by skilful singers in the Principality. It is considered a difficult air to sing to.

DIFERIAD Y GERWYN. THE DROPPINGS OF THE MASH TUB.

MEILLIONEN. SIR WATKIN'S DELIGHT.

GORHOFFEDD OWAIN CYFEILIOG. OWAIN CYFEILIOG'S DELIGHT. (1165.)

SWEET RICHARD.

(AS PLAYED BY RICHARD ROBERTS, OF CARNARVON.)

Richard Roberts, the Blind Harper, of Carnarvon, was esteemed the best perfomer (on the Welsh Harp) of his day. His masterly performance gained the Silver Harp, at the Wrexham Eisteddfod, in 1820; and in 1828, he was invested by His Royal Highness the Duke of Sussex, with the Gold Harp, at Denbigh, for playing the above air with variations; the first of which is given above, arranged for Harp or Pianoforte.

SWEET RICHARD.—CONTINUED.

TRIBAN GWYR MORGANWG.* THE WAR SONG OF THE MEN OF GLAMORGAN.

* Morganwg, signifies Morgan's territory; so called from Morgan Mwynvawr, who was a great warrior and a popular Prince of Glamorgan; he died at his Palace now called Margam, A.D. 972, 100 years old.—*Jones' Bards.* Sir Walter Scott has written words to this tune, commencing "Red glows the forge," (The Norman Horse Shoe).

MORFA RHUDDLAN. RHUDDLAN MARSH.

Morfa Rhuddlan, or the Red Marsh on the banks of the *Clwyd*, in Flintshire, was the scene of many Battles of the Cymry with the Saxons. This tune was probably composed on the occasion of the memorable conflict in 795, when the Cymry were defeated, and their Monarch *Caradoc* slain.

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